You Gotta Work For It, Baby

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by DancingSkys

Summary

Has this been on Yoongi's mind for way too long already? - Yes
Does he want to try it out? - Of course
Has he planned it out already? - Mostly
Alright, then tell Namjoon. - Well, about that...

Yoongi thinks he'd look and feel damn amazing in ankle cuffs so here is his little journey of getting what he wants.

Notes

Oh my, a chaptered fic *gasps* Amazing!
This fic is better when it's devided up into chapters so I decided to do that. Well, that and I thought it would be nice if you guys got an update every few days because I know I don't update as frequently anymore. Uni starts in a week for me so I don't know how much will change then but I'll do my very, very best to write all requests. I'm still not taking new ones so please keep this in mind~

And of fucking course I had to get sick. I was sneezing the whole day yesterday and that always means I'll be down with a cold the next day so now I'm sitting here bundled up in a blanket with a sore throat and a stuffy nose like a pitiful potato -_- I love my life, really.... (I just sneezed four time in a row >.<)
This is also the reason why this fic is not completely finished just yet. I wanted to be done before I started uploading but I didn't want to wait any longer. I'll update this every few days and hopefully the last chapter will be done soon.

In case you wanna talk to this potato on Tumblr DancingSkys

BTW I thought about maybe attempting to write a book and publish it as an eBook on Amazon... this just came to my mind, sorry.
Enjoy~~

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: The Talk

Yoongi swallowed thickly, shuffling his feet under the table and chewing on the inside of his right cheek, kind of sitting on his hands to refrain from fiddling with his fingers the whole time. He watched Namjoon eat the last bits of his food, some new stuff they had tried out and it was really good but Yoongi had too much on his mind to pay too much attention to the food. This whole evening he had been waiting for the right moment, always stalling, always hesitating when he could have taken the chance to but now he was determinate to make it.

After planning it carefully throughout dinner he had finally come up with a good plan and he had shaped each and every single step up to perfection so there shouldn't be even a single thing that could go wrong as long as Namjoon just finished his food and-

"Sit down!" Yoongi squeaked, slightly panicked and Namjoon looked at him in surprise, freezing for a moment and just staring before he slowly sank back down onto his chair and looked at his boyfriend in silence, trying to figure out what was going on. He had noticed the younger had been pretty silent throughout dinner but it wasn't that he minded his silence. He had simply written it as of worrying about his assignments or maybe even daydreaming but now he figured it might have been a different reason all along so he steeled himself for whatever would be thrown at him.

The student nibbled on his lower lip worriedly, looking at his lap and pressing his knees together. His mind was a back and forth of 'do it' and 'don't do it', almost like he was slowly ripping petals off a flower to decide which side he should choose. In the end he shook his head at 'do it', taking a deep breath and fishing out his cell phone from his pocket, going through his gallery and selecting a specific picture, staring at it for a while before glancing up at his boyfriend. The older was waiting patiently, not saying anything and just looking so that Yoongi, with one last glance down at the picture, just put his cell phone on the table and push it across the surface so the lawyer could look at it, turning slightly in his seat and looking somewhere else.

Namjoon was silent for some more moments, taking in the picture like he wanted to remember every little detail of it or find a hidden message. There wasn't all that much to see to be honest. There was a

pair of well-shaped legs from someone who was lying on their back, soft overknees covering their skin and feet curling into the fluff blanket on a bed. What did stand out though was the pair of black leather ankle cuffs that were connected by a chain in the middle, preventing their feet from parting too much.

That wasn't what the older was expecting but he was interested nonetheless, looking up at his obviously shy lover curiously. "What's the story behind this?" he asked white a small smile playing on his lips and Yoongi pulled up his shoulders a bit, something he liked to do when they talked about something he was feeling shy about. "I… I want to try that," he said quietly like he wasn't sure if it was okay to say it out loud. Namjoon just hummed softly and nodded his head, taking another look at the picture. "Just try as in try it for play or…" he trailed off and Yoongi shook his head. "No like… a whole day."

"For Twelve hours?" Namjoon asked softly to confirm but the younger shook his head again.

"Twenty-four… or longer…"

This, this certainly surprised the lawyer, blinking a few times and it must have been pretty obvious because Yoongi ducked his head in embarrassment. "It's okay if you don't want to," he mumbled quietly and this made the older shake his head with a breathy laugh. "It hardly affects me when I put you in ankle cuffs, honey." Oh how he loved that cute, rosy color on his lover's cheeks. "I was just surprised, that's all but… do you mean just the ankle cuffs or-"

"No, everything. I… wanna be your sub as long as I have them on," Yoongi explained just as quietly.

Namjoon hummed softly. They have played over the course of a whole day, sometimes even a bit more when they had the time and Yoongi needed a lot of care and attention afterwards to get out of his sub space so oftentimes there was not enough free time to fully relax which meant it needed to be planned very carefully.

"Just…" the lawyer shifted a bit in his seat and sat up straighter. "Just a few things we need to get off the table before we do that, okay?"

Yoongi nodded his head, meanwhile more than used to this procedure. They never tried anything completely new without having talked about it beforehand after all. It was important to both of them to speak open and honestly about what they wanted to do.

“If we do this,” Namjoon started, pointing at the picture on Yoongi’s phone. “I want you to tell me as soon as it gets uncomfortable, even if it’s ten minutes after we start, okay?”

Yoongi couldn’t help but scoff softly, a small smile sneaking onto his face. “I always tell you when it’s uncomfortable, don’t I?” he asked. “You know I will.” It was sweet of the other to always worry about his comfort but he knew about these things by now, it was nothing new.

“I know, I know,” Namjoon mumbled. “But I just want to be sure. They don’t have to uncomfortable and I wouldn’t want you to rub your skin raw just because you think it’s supposed to be like that.”

“I know, Joonie, I’ll tell you when they hurt,” Yoongi promised, patting the elder’s hand reassuringly, something warm fluttering in his chest because it was nice to know the older still worried about these things and didn’t just jump into it without caring for Yoongi.

The lawyer nodded his head, always feeling more at ease once he has heard his boyfriend say this. “Okay, apart from that… you could stumble and maybe fall when you wear these.”

Yoongi nodded his head, having thought about what kind of things could happen while wearing ankle cuffs already since it had been on his mind for quite some time now. “That’s fine,” he said, shrugging his shoulders a bit. “I wouldn’t mind you making me fall either… and yes, I’ll tell you when I hurt myself,” he promised immediately afterwards when he saw the older opening his mouth, smiling at him teasingly.

Namjoon leaned over the table and pinched the younger’s nose which he commented with a whine, swatting at his hand which he had pulled back fast enough to escape the slap. “Brat,” the lawyer mutter and Yoongi just smiled happily which made the other sigh and shake his head. He took another long look at the picture, seemingly going through other things that could happen. “I don’t want you to run or go up and downstairs anywhere in these if I’m not around, kay? I probably wouldn’t leave you alone like this but you never know. Promise me you won’t do something crazy like climbing on the counter or whatever.”

“I never climb on the counter,” Yoongi muttered in an almost offended manner which made the older grin. “Oh but I know you do because you can’t reach the top shelf.”

“Then stop putting the damn cereal up there!” the younger snapped with a pout and slammed his hand onto the table. “But I like it when

you ask me for help," the older said with a teasing grin.

Yoongi made a small sound that resembled a roar and lunged across the table, pulling on the other's ears. "I don't so stop putting that there," he huffed, puffing out his cheeks and crossing his arms once he had sat back again. Namjoon just couldn't hide his snicker but still nodded his head. "Okay, okay, I'll try," he promised and the younger grunted in acknowledgement.

After this small discussion they went back to what they had been talking about before. "So you'll wear these and I'll do my thing," Namjoon said and Yoongi nodded his head, smiling softly because he couldn't hide his excitement which made the older smile as well. "Alright then, I'll see if I can find something fitting and when we have a weekend without anything planned. I'll tell you this, I won't go easy on you just because of those," Namjoon said with a grin, pointing at the phone and Yoongi grinned right back. "I know, that's what I want."

Chapter 2: Two

Chapter Notes

I'm sure you're gonna like this... at at least I hope you'll do *smirks*

I wanted to ask if you guys would maybe be interested in smaller stuff as well like maybe some Yoongi scenarios on my Tumblr because I have so much floating around my head but I can't always write it down into big stories so I think that would maybe be interesting to try.
I'm also thinking about adding a bit more BTS art to my blog but I don't know how well that'll work

Tell me what you think~
DancingSkys

Yoongi was happy with the current situation, warm and cozy and being able to relax where he was lying across his dom's lap, his body bare except for a pair of fluffy socks and his collar. His middle was draped over the elder's legs, the lawyer smoothing a big, warm hand over his butt, thighs and lower back absentmindedly as he watched TV, almost lulling the younger to sleep, eyes closed and breath coming out even and steady until one of his cheeks was squeezed and he opened one eye to glance back at his dom who was grinning down at him.

"What do you think, baby? You stay quiet and when you're good I'll cuff your little feet together tomorrow," Namjoon said and suddenly Yoongi was a lot more awake, shifting just slightly so he could look at the older better. "Really?" he asked excitedly, getting a chuckle in return. "Yeah, but only if you stay silent. You can do that, can't you, baby?" he murmured, tracing the student's spine which made the latter shudder slightly and nod his head. "Yeah, yeah I can do that, sir," he said, wiggling his butt just slightly to get more comfortable and laying back down quickly.

Namjoon hummed. "I don't want to hear any sound, baby," he said sternly and Yoongi nodded in understanding, unable to hide his smile.

His stomach fluttered slightly as the elder's hand went back to

smoothing over the soft skin of his butt before tracing two fingers down slowly and cupping his hole, massaging there. Yoongi wanted to sigh in a satisfied manner but refrained from doing so, just relaxing and letting the other do whatever he wanted.

The lawyer seemed to be in a lazy mood today which made Yoongi's job even more difficult, having to withstand endless minutes of slow teasing without making a sound until finally a finger slipped inside of him. He almost groaned in relief but he just dropped his head down further and released a soft breath. Breaths were okay but he wasn't allowed to make any other sound.

He stayed in his spot, body mostly relaxed and only tensing occasionally, mouth slightly open to be able to breathe freely. The silent game was always exciting though Yoongi had to admit he wasn't very good at it. It wasn't that he was a screamer or anything but it was very easy to get sounds out of him even when they were small. He was a bit better at staying still than at staying silent which might be the reason why Namjoon had chosen to do this. Sometimes he gave things to the younger when he asked politely, usually just small gestures like cuddles, kisses and sometimes more sexual favors but whenever it was something bigger Yoongi had to earn it first.

When there was a toy he really wanted he had to do something for his dom first and whatever that was depended completely on the day and the elder's mood. One time he had said Yoongi wasn't allowed to come throughout their whole session, not even at the end and fuck had that been difficult because Yoongi was more often than not eventually allowed to come so not coming at all was always a bit difficult for him but he managed because he had really, really wanted that hot pink, ribbed vibrator with just a slight curve, 12 different vibration patterns and a really big tip. On top of that it was waterproof and rechargeable, it was perfect and Yoongi always got really excited between his legs as soon as he saw it after finally getting it as a reward.

Sometimes Namjoon asked him to prepare a nice hot bath for the two of them and then they just laid in the water, Yoongi's small body shaking from the vibrations and the thick tip that stretched him in all the right places, legs jelly and whimpers and small moans falling from his mouth as he clung to the elder. Depending on what his dom had planned he just let him be, only playing with the vibration patterns, sometimes he played with the toy itself as well or he let the younger slowly hump him for even more stimulation which was embarrassing beyond belief but it was so, so good and addictive at the same time.

One time the lawyer had even left him alone it the bathtub, not allowing him to come out before he hadn't come two times which was quite a task with just a vibrator on a low setting and nothing else. Yoongi had spent quite some time in the cooling water, writhing and trying to make himself come desperately because cold water was the worst and he had been so, so tired already. Namjoon must have had the time as of life, watching his sub cry in frustration and trying to shove the vibrator deeper inside of him by grinding onto the walls and the floor desperately, hips circling and bucking helplessly. Eventually he had managed and he had probably just drooled on the elder's shoulder in a dazed manner when he gave him a warm shower to rinse him off and warm up his body before toweling him off and putting him to bed, completely spent and exhausted.

To say Yoongi had slept like a stone that night would be an understatement.

The student took a deep breath and held it in, squeezing his eyes shut and biting his lip as the elder's fingers jabbed his prostate, legs twitching slightly. He sucked in some breaths once he deemed it safe and tensed again as those fingers came back for the next assault, trying so, so hard not to make a sound which got more and more difficult with each passing moment. His hands clenched and unclenched, almost choking on the groans that wanted to escape his mouth.

Fuck he wanted to beg the older for more but at the same time he really wanted to have his ankles cuffed together the next day, having looked forward to that for so long now and he just had to stay silent. Just stay silent.

He repeated this like a mantra in his head until the older stepped up his game and started massaging the younger's cock with his knee, the rough material of his jeans adding even more pleasure and Yoongi officially lost it, never good with teasing.

"Fuuuck," he moaned at the older pressed his prostate the next time, not caring anymore and moaning as the older continued massaging that spot. "Fuck, sir, please, please, please, please, I want more," he whined, arching his back and shuddering.

"Hmm, you don't wanna have your feet cuffed together, baby?" Namjoon asked, Yoongi able to hear the smirk in his voice but he didn't care. "N-nuh-no, want, wanna… w-wanna have s-something, please, please, please," he begged, looking back at the older with teary

eyes. Fuck, he was so needy.

“You want *something* up you little butt, baby?” Namjoon teased, scissoring his fingers slightly and Yoongi groaned into the couch cushion, head lolling back into its previous position and mouth hanging open, some drool escaping him. “Y-yeah, want… w-want something up my hole,” he whimpered, bucking his hips just slightly to get more of the fingers which earned him a small slap in return so he held still as much as he could. “You can only have one thing baby, but since he already moaned so prettily I’m gonna get *something* to stuff your little hole all full, yeah baby? You want that? You want sir to stuff your hole full?”

“Yes!” Yoongi wailed. “Yes, sir, yes, yes, yes, please!”

Namjoon chuckled and pulled out his fingers swiftly, lifting the student off his lap and standing up. “Stay here, eyes closed,” he ordered and Yoongi did as told, body thrumming slightly and for now not really feeling bad about not getting to wear the ankle cuffs the next day though he knew he probably regret having missed out on the opportunity.

The older was gone for a while but Yoogi stayed in his spot and didn’t open his eyes, only perking up slightly as he heard the older approaching again and wanting to look at him but refrained from doing so. He wanted to be good after all. He shuffled back into his previous position with the help of one of Namjoon’s guiding hands and found himself thirsting over getting something bigger than just fingers, hopefully a vibrator or something that would rile him up real good.

With his eyes still closed he had no way of knowing what the other had picked out and he also couldn’t see his slightly evil smirk as he guided the slicked up object towards the younger’s entrance, circling it around his rim.

Yoongi frowned ever so slightly, the shape a bit odd but the promise of having it inside of him overshadowed any doubts so he just moaned softly and waited patiently, humming as it was pushed inside just to breach the ring of muscle which always made him week in the knees. The stretch and the promise of getting filled up was so good that he didn’t care for anything else except for the feeling of having the object slowly pushed into him, opening him up and stretching him deliciously. He shuddered and bit his lip to hide his smile, feeling all giddy inside about getting what he had wanted.

It felt so good when it was finally inside, the size and length just right and Yoongi really wondered what toy it was but he had no idea, not really caring as long as it felt good inside of him and that it did, slightly cool because of the lube, firm and thick so it stretched him deliciously.

“Does it feel good baby? Do you like having it inside of you?” Namjoon asked, having bent down to be able to breath into his ear and Yoongi whined ever so softly, arching into the hand that traveled over his back and making the toy inside of him move just slightly which caused him to gasp faintly. “Feels so good, sir,” he breathed out. “Thank you.”

The older chuckled, continuing his petting session while his other hand slowly thrusted the object back and forth a few times before settling inside of his sub completely again. “You know what it is, baby?” he asked and the student shook his head. “N-no, sir, but i-it feels good.”

“Mhm, it feels good?”

“Y-yeah, so good.” Yoongi was happy with what he has gotten. It was silent for a while before he felt a hot breath tickling his ear and slowly peeled his eyes open.

“It’s a carrot, baby.”

Yoongi’s body froze and his eyes went wide, mind blank for a while.

A…

“C-carrot?” he whimpered, a wave of humiliation crashing over him almost immediately and his cheeks heating up until they were flaming red.

“Yeah, a carrot. You were so desperate for something up your ass, baby, you didn’t even care it was a carrot. That’s so cute, don’t you think? Moaning because sir shoved a carrot up your ass and liking it. You’re so needy, baby, think about what you want up your ass next time,” Namjoon mocked and Yoongi whimpered in embarrassment, curling into himself which was impossible because he was still lying across the elder’s lap.

He yelped as the object, *the carrot* , was thrusted back and forth again and feeling his whole body flush because it still felt good although he knew the vegetable had no business being shoved up his ass but he

just couldn't… it was so good and he still moaned, trying to keep the sounds in but they just fell from his lips as the elder sped up the movements of his hand, fucking his sub with the peeled carrot at a fast pace, the student's body twitched and was shoved back and forth.

Some tears of humiliation slipped from Yoongi's eyes and he tried reaching back to grab the elder's hand in a desperate attempt to stop him but his arm was just twisted behind his back and held in place, making him unable to move. His legs twitched and kicked slightly, toes pressing into the couch but it didn't help anything, he was still being fucked with the vegetable mercilessly and it didn't seem like his dom would stop until he was satisfied.

The student cried and sobbed pitifully, still moaning whenever the tip of the carrot hit his prostate which his dom was incredibly good at finding, burying his face into the couch in shame. He loved the feeling of being humiliated and this, this was humiliating above anything else. The only thing that could top this is if the older would force him to do this himself in front of a mirror until he came. A strong shudder went through his body at the mere thought of that and his cock twitched, knowing the older could feel this as well but unable to do more than whimper in response.

"You're filthy mind is going somewhere, hm, thinking about getting fucked with carrots and cucumbers," Namjoon growled lowly. "What about bananas, baby? Do you want a banana up your ass next?"

Yoongi was unable to answer, just making a choking noise until he received a harsh spank and yelped. "No, sir," he wailed but everyone knew it was a lie. The idea of food play was exciting to him and pretending he didn't like it was just that; a pretense. He didn't like admitting it because it was embarrassing.

"I don't think so, baby," Namjoon said with a smirk, his hand still going as fast as ever and he could see Yoongi was near his end, writhing in his lap and whining loudly. "What about a zucchini, baby? Or an eggplant. Wanna go find a really big eggplant and see if it can fit all inside of you?"

"No, no, no, please," Yoongi cried, choking on one of his sobs as the carrot pushed into his prostate especially hard, feeling dizzy from the harsh thrusts.

"But think about it, baby. Imagine how big they are and having all of that inside of you with your hole dripping because you'd need so

much lube to push that monster into your little hole but then it's all in and it would feel so, so good."

"No, please," Yoongi sobbed, tears running down his cheeks.

"It would all disappear inside of you and you would feel so good, feeling it all the way up in your belly and you probably wouldn't even get it out anymore. It would want to stay inside of your body where it's all soft and warm and wet. It would stay there and maybe grow more and grow so, so big inside of you. Imagine that, baby."

The student cried out, his whole body spasming and trying to curl in on itself but Namjoon forced him back down with the hand that was still holding the younger's arm behind his back, continuing what he was doing without faltering even the slightest bit. Yoongi had trouble catching his breath after his almost orgasmn, spluttering and gasping and there was a wet spot next to his mouth from where he had drooled so much, head spinning and cock throbbing painfully.

"Sir, sir, please, c-can I… m-may I come please?" he cried desperately, vision already hazy.

"Do you really think you deserve that, baby?" the older asked coldly. "Moaning like that when sir told you to stay quiet and having to be fucked with a carrot because you're so needy to get stuffed full. I should just leave you with that carrot up your ass for today, baby."

"N-no please, want… wanna come, sir please, I'm sorry," Yoongi whimpered pitifully, feeling ashamed for begging like this.

"Hm, you're lucky I'm feeling generous today, baby. Ask me again."

The first try was interrupted but a choked up moan so Yoongi had to try again, finally getting the words out of his mouth and asking if he could please, please come.

"Yeah, baby, you can come," Namjoon said almost too gently, fucking the younger through his orgasm and even a bit afterwards to be sure to milk him completely dry, Yoongi almost choking on his 'thank you, sir'. He slowed his thrusts and released the student's arm that stayed in a somewhat similar position, the younger's body completely slack but the lawyer wasn't done yet. Carefully he moved Yoongi's middle off his lap, not minding the wet patches from where his cum had landed on his pants, and straddling his lower back, getting a small grunt in response as he sat down.

He reached back and slowly pulled out the slicked up carrot, grinning as Yoongi made a pitiful sound. With his free hand buried in his hair he pulled his sub's head up slightly, making him whimper at the painful pull. He ignored it and just pushed the vegetable into his sub's mouth, slowly thrusting it back and forth which cause some more tears to slip from the younger's eyes and his body to twitch in response but he didn't fight the intrusion, just choking slightly because of the awkward angle.

"There you go, baby," Namjoon cooed, watching his sub drool around the carrot. "That's a good boy, such a good boy for sir," he continued, Yoongi only able to sniffle.

After a while he pulled the carrot out of the younger's mouth, slowly lowering his head back onto the couch before turning a bit and pushing the vegetable back into the student's hole which he commented with a loud whine. He repeated the same process of slowly fucking his sub's mouth and then his hole with the carrot a few times before he finally deemed it enough and pulled it out of the younger's body, the student groaning in something similar to relief and lying on the couch bonelessly, just panting softly.

Namjoon rubbed his back with one hand for a while before he stood up and kissed Yoongi's cheeks, murmuring another 'good boy' and a 'I'll be right back' into his ear. After quickly disposing of the carrot and getting a soft towel, which he had soaked in warm water, from the bathroom he went back to his sub that was still in the same position.

Every so carefully he lifted his chin and wiped his face clear of sweat, drool and tears, kissing his nose and forehead before standing up and gently helping the younger to sit up as well so he could clean his front and in between his legs. He folded the towel once he was done and wiped over the couch with an unused side, putting it on the table for now and picking up a blanket from beside the couch to wrap his sub into the soft material, spreading kissed all over his face and pulling him into his lap where Yoongi buried his face into his chest, seeking some warmth and affection.

"You were so good for me baby," Namjoon murmured softly, rubbing up and down his sub's back. "So good, just for me."

He continued to nuzzle him and thanked him for his services, giving in as Yoongi lifted his head and asked for some kisses subtly, smiling and bending down slightly to connect their lips. "You looked so good,

sweetheart," he said softly and Yoongi ducked his head, burying his face back into his lover's chest, still too out of it to say anything so Namjoon continued with his endless rant of praise and sweet words alone.

"You put a carrot i-in me," Yoongi whined after quite a while, cheeks still flushed red and Namjoon grinned. "I don't regret it, it looked so hot with you moaning so prettily. Fuck I have to do this more often."

The younger whined into his chest in protest. "No, I like your dick better, that can't break off and get stuck inside of me. What would you have done then. What if I had a piece of carrot stuck inside my ass," Yoongi whined accusingly, moving to straddle the elder's lap and sitting up straight so he could glare down at him… if it counted as a glare because he looked way to fluffy and pouty for that, the blanket slowly sliding down his shoulders and pooling around his hips.

Namjoon couldn't help but smile, hands immediately going for his lover's hipbones because his skin was just so, so soft and he loved holding him there and then Yoongi did *that* . He put his hands on top of the elder's, squeezing faintly and Namjoon was official dead, tugging his boyfriend closer and wrapping his arms around him, making a long, drawn out noise and he shifted from side to side in a power-cuddle-hug. "Stop being so irresistibly cute, you're gonna give me a heart attack," he complained childishly and nuzzled into the younger's neck. "Fuck, I love you, you're so perfect." He was probably squishing Yoongi but he didn't care since the other was very squishable and didn't have anything against being squished so it was okay to squish him.

"I love you more… than carrots," Yoongi mumbled and Namjoon laughed. "Okay, okay, enough carrots for today."

"You're the one who fucked me with one," the younger whined and the other shut him up with a kiss, hands trailing over his soft, slightly heated skin until he reached the blanket, tugging it back up so the younger wouldn't get cold. "My little burrito," he said lovingly, Yoongi going back to cuddling which he didn't have a problem with at all, wrapping his arms around him and staying like this for as long as needed.

"You were being mean by the way."

“Hm?”

“You knew I wouldn’t be able to keep quiet.”

Namjoon grinned and kissed Yoongi’s cheek, cooing at his pout. “I have to challenge you sometimes, don’t it? Maybe you would have made it,” he said. “But don’t worry, you’ll get to wear your ankle cuffs at some point... once you convince me that you've earned it.”

Yoongi huffed and went back to snuggling.

Chapter 3: Three

Chapter Notes

Only one more chapter to go~

The next try was about two weeks later when Namjoon thought it would be a good idea to use a certain hot pink vibrator when they took a bath, Yoongi feeling a rush of excitement coursing through his body and a pout forming on his face as he was told about the rules.

“Got it baby?”

“Yes, sir,” he said, trying hard not to grumble but it was still clear he didn’t like it.

“Then tell me.”

Yoongi shuffled his feet slightly. “I can be loud but I’m not allowed to beg… or to come,” he mumbled, turning his head slightly.

“That’s a good boy,” Namjoon purred and Yoongi bit his lip, nodding his head silently in agreement. Yes, he was a good boy, he was always a good boy… or at least he tried his best to be.

“Come here, baby,” the older beckoned him over and the student stepped up to him, leaning his head against the elder’s neck and closing his eyes as a big hand groped one of his butt cheeks, massaging the flesh for a while until Yoongi felt something wet propping at his entrance and he tensed for a second before relaxing again and allowing the toy to slip inside of him, the big tip stretching him so a soft sound fell from his lips, just a faint breath tickling his dom’s neck.

Of course the lawyer couldn’t just leave it at that, no, he had to trust the toy back and forth, pulling it out all the way before pushing the tip back inside again and again which made Yoongi whine after a while, shifting his body and trying to stick his behind out more.

“What, baby? Do you want something?” Namjoon murmured into his ear and Yoongi scrunched up his nose, willing his body to relax and rubbing his cheek against the elder’s chest. “No, sir.”

“Hm, thought so.”

Once the toy was finally, finally inside of him Yoongi released a breath he didn’t know he had been holding, clenching around it to feel all of it inside of him.

His dom wasted no time and pressed the on button on the base of the toy that was still sticking out a few inches, a faint hum echoing in the otherwise silent bathroom and Yoongi’s hips jerked just slightly as the steady vibrations traveled through his body, needing a moment to relax again. The first vibration wasn’t really that strong or adventurous so he could deal with that just fine but he knew it wouldn’t stay like that so he should probably enjoy it while he still could.

Namjoon settled in the water first before Yoongi stepped into the bathtub and slowly settled in the elder’s lap, flinching a few times before he was finally seated, lying down on his dom’s chest like always and closing his eyes while the older played with his hair.

It was nice while it lasted which wasn’t for long because at some point the vibrations were upped and Yoongi started moving his hips slowly, stopping as his dom pinched his thigh and settling for whining quietly.

Fifteen minutes later Yoongi found himself moaning like crazy, scratching at the bottom of the bath tub which was thankfully a rubber mat because they have had a few close calls here as well as in the shower so now both were safe for… activities that involved a bit more moving around.

Currently Yoongi was on all fours, head hanging low with the tips of his bangs brushing the water just slightly, with his dom behind him and thrusting the vibrator back and forth roughly, the vibrations an irregular pattern of stronger and weaker shocks. Thankfully his hips were raised out of the water because otherwise the lube would be washed away and only water as aid wasn’t very… pleasant. It tended to make the slide even more difficult and it hurt a lot especially afterwards as he had told Namjoon so now the older made sure to always have enough lube close by especially when they did something in the bathroom that wasn’t supposed to hurt.

At a particularly hard thrust Yoongi’s arms suddenly buckled and he had completely forgotten that they were in a filled bathtub and got a mouthful of slightly soapy water in return as he head went underwater but didn’t have time to react because almost immediately

he was janked back up by a hand in his hair, spluttering and coughing while another moan fell from his mouth which ended in a somewhat very ungraceful, burp similar sound but no one really minded. He was flush against his dom's chest, the elder still thrusting the vibrator in and out of him but paying close attention to his sub's expression and breathing until he could be sure he was fine.

The younger moved his arms back, grabbing the elder's hair but not tugging on it, just burying his finger into the wet locks and pulling his dom closer, arching his back and breathing harshly.

"Anything you want, baby?" the lawyer asked once again after a while and Yoongi whined loudly, shaking his head more to convince himself. "N-no, sir, s-s' fi-AAhh-ine."

"Do you maybe… wanna come?"

The younger made an almost pained noise, his fingers in his dom's hair spasming just like his body but he shook his head violently after a while. "No, no, no, no, no, sir, no, no," he chanted, drilling that fact into his own head more than answering the actual question.

He wouldn't fail at getting what he wanted a second time even when it drove him crazy and he was so hard it was painful and he only wanted to crumble on the floor, cry and beg for release but no, no he would get through this, he'd get through-

"AAahhaww," he whimpered, biting on his lower lip to restrain himself somewhat but even that didn't stop his body from shaking and twitching. He was thankful for the short break he got as Namjoon turned them around and made Yoongi rest his arms on one end of the tub where they also kept bottles of bath salt, shampoos and body washes, the student burying his face in his arms but moans and whines still continued to slip past his lips as the elder picked up where he had left off before he bit down on his forearm to have something else to focus on.

Namjoon noticed soon enough and tugged on his hair until he let go, having to do it again a few minutes later to make sure his sub wouldn't bite down too harshly and draw blood.

This continued for quite a while and Yoongi was sure he was going crazy, babbling incomprehensible things that consisted of mostly moans and whines until his dom finally deemed it enough and slowed down his thrusts until he eventually stopped completely and turned off the vibrations, waiting for his sub's body to relax a bit before he

slowly pulled out the toy. Carefully he made Yoongi sit back on his haunches, starting to clean between his legs which the younger commented with a lot of whimpers, grabbing onto his dom's arm as his hand brushed over his hard length but not doing anything to stop him, just taking everything obediently.

"Good boy," Namjoon murmured into his sub's ear. "You did so well, such a good boy for me. Good job, baby. I'll allow you to come tomorrow morning because you did such a good job and once I think the time is right I'm gonna cuff you little feet together, wrap some cuffs around your pretty ankles. You like that?" he asked and Yoongi sniffled pitifully, nodding his head. "I-I… ye-eah, y-yes… t-thank you, s-sir," he whispered shakily, still holding the other's arm tightly.

The older helped him out of the bathtub, cooing at the younger as he dried him off and the student whimpered every now and then because he was still hard but he wasn't allowed to come, only tomorrow morning so he had to wait and he was willing to do that because obviously he had done a good job and made his dom proud so he was not about to do something bad like coming without permission, no matter how difficult it was.

It took a while but eventually his erection died down as they snuggled on the couch, the older inspecting the bite marks on his arm and applying ointment to speed up the healing process. There were just two bruises with some indents from his teeth and it didn't hurt at the moment but Yoongi knew he'd be thankful tomorrow morning and wasn't feeling so woozy anymore. It made his heart flutter how his dom cared for him. The older really could break him into tiny pieces and put him back together with loving touches, gentle gazes and soothing words and Yoongi would let him do it again and again because he loved it.

Whenever the older took care of him like this after a scene he wanted to curl up into a ball, snuggle into a blanket and settle in his dom's lap for hours, just snuggling and cuddling and get some kisses and just… he just wanted to feel loved and his dom made him feel so much more than that that he sometimes found himself just staring at him with a lovesick gaze, maybe also drooling a bit but Namjoon never minded. He always just smiled knowingly, wiped the drool off the younger chin and pulled him closer, kissing his forehead and cuddling him all he wanted.

It wasn't often that Yoongi said 'I love you' when he was in subspace but when he did it was always a bit clumsy, a bit wobbly because he

was just so dazed from their playing and the words would tumbled out of his mouth without him even realizing.

Namjoon would then cup his cheeks and stroke over the soft skin with his thumb while Yoongi leaned into the touch like a pet seeking affection from its owner. “I know, baby,” he’d say with the utmost gentle and most loving smile a person could wear. “I love you too.” He’d wrap his arms around the younger and nuzzle him, kiss his cheeks and his lips and his nose, whispering all these sweet words into his ear until Yoongi fell asleep because the ‘I love you’s only made an appearance after long and very intense sessions that left him exhausted and tired.

He usually only remember the aftercare in bits and pieces when he was this far gone but he could tell by the way Namjoon looked at him the next morning like he was the most beautiful thing in the world that needed to be protected at all cost that he had probably made yet another clumsy love confession the day before when they had cuddled. It was a bit embarrassing because he quite literally lost all control when he was so deep into his headspace and he knew he tended to drool, sometimes also cry silently, and babble and do or rather say… well… embarrassing things but Namjoon always told him that there was nothing to be embarrassed about and that it meant the world to him whenever he had Yoongi in his lap after such an intense session and the younger said he loved him. He said it made his heart go ‘Whaampapalahalamapa’ (exact quote plus added hand gestures) and it was the most satisfactory thing in the world.

Because even the most self-confident doms might have moments when they are not so sure about what they are doing, whom they are doing it for and if it’s really the right thing, if they are not maybe taking advantage of their sub’s trust in some sneaky way, if maybe they are doing something wrong and their sub is just afraid to tell them.

“You’re the most vulnerable in that state when I broke you down during play time and you were so, so small, so lost and so submissive that you would do anything for me, that you wouldn’t move a muscle without me telling you to do so even if the house was on fire. But then you look at me like that, like I’m the only thing that matters in the world and you’re telling me that you love me,” Namjoon smiled shyly. “That’s all I could ever ask for.”

Yoongi’s face was beat red, staring at the older and having forgotten about his scrambled eggs the next morning at the table, after he was finally allowed to come, not quiet knowing what to say. He opened

and closed his mouth a few times before his gaze trailed down to his plate, just staring.

“It makes me very, very happy,” Namjoon added after a moment and Yoongi nodded his head dumbly, not knowing what else to do. He only saw a shadow moving on the table surface before he realized the older was kissing his forehead, blushing a bit more and ducking his head once the other had leaned back again, glancing at him shyly and feeling his heart beat fast as he saw the elder’s loving smile.

“Come on, eat up, pumpkin. I’ll drive you to college,” he said and fucking damnit, how did Yoongi get such a perfect man?!

Chapter 4: Four

Chapter Notes

This took me way too long and I'm really sorry. I have to figure out university and how I'm going to manage before I can promise regular updates >.<

!IMPORTANT! ___ !IMPORTANT!
Since I'm not accepting any more requests for this story I thought of something different which I would love to try. **It's a Q&A!** Not for me but **for the characters of this series**. I don't know how many would like something like this but I think it would be really cool. That way I can answer some questions that you guys might have but can't be answered in a whole story. I'd create a new story with all the questions, which will be anonymous, and answers of my characters~
I'll collect them and post them. I fthere are more coming in I'll just add another chapter.
You can also ask me questions but depending on what they are I can't say whether I'll answer them or not but I'll do my best ^^
I'm really excited for this, I hope you even have questions you want to ask >o<
Feel free to ask everything that's on your mind

All you have to do is write down your question and what character(s) it's for. You can send a reply to this post on Twitter or use my askbox on Tumblr (I hope it all works).
Please don't ask questions here or it'll be a mess

Finally.

Finally.

Finally a week later on a Friday evening Yoongi's body was almost shaking with excitement and his dom tried hard to stay serious but he had to crack a smile and ran a hand through the younger's hair. "You waiting for something, baby?" he asked with a chuckle and Yoongi hummed, resting his head on the elder's thigh. "Maybe," he said quietly. "If sir allows it."

Namjoon continued with twirling strands of his sub's hair around his fingers, massaging his scalp and tugging softly from time to time. He read the end of the chapter of his current book before closing it, Yoongi glancing up at him once he heard the sound and lifting his head off the elder's thigh as he stood up, telling his sub to follow him which the latter did gladly.

He watched his dom rummaging through the closet, finally taking out two objects and a bright smile sneaked onto Yoongi's face as he saw them, a giddy feeling rushing through his body. Namjoon tried to hide his own smile as he sat the pair of ankle cuffs down onto the bed before kneeling down and tugging one of his sub's feet closer, placing it on his thigh before picking up one of the cuffs. They were made from thick, black leather with a soft, bright red padding on the inside, three rings attached to each cuff, one in the back and one on each side. The elder fastened them so they wouldn't move around but also wouldn't squeeze too much or prevent proper blood flow, it just wrapped around the student's ankle snugly and wasn't uncomfortable at all.

Yoongi only noticed another addition once he moved his foot back and put his other into the elder's lap. There was a bell attached to the outer ring of the cuffs that would chime softly whenever he moved his feet. It took a moment to realize before he felt even more happy, wagging his toes and getting his dom to chuckle softly. "You like that?" he asked and the younger hummed happily. "I do, sir, thank you."

Once both cuffs were in place Namjoon stood up and tilted his sub's chin up before kissing his lips sweetly, Yoongi trying his best not to chase after him once he leaned back again. "Only the best for my baby."

Yoongi wanted to scream and hug him.

The lawyer went back to the closet and picked up two more items, a simple black collar and a small chain. The chain was quickly hooked into the inner rings and prevented Yoongi from moving his feet apart any further than roughly eleven inches. Finally the collar was fastened around his neck and he felt a lot happier than he did the last few days. Not because he had been in a particularly bad mood, no, just because this was a different kind from happiness that he only got to experience when he knew he had been a good sub and got a reward, especially one he had asked and worked for.

“There you go,” Namjoon said with a smile, moving away so Yoongi could see himself in the mirror. At first there wasn’t really much of a difference except for the collar but some would probably write it off as a fashion statement. He wore a random, worn-out shirt with a stretched out neckline and a slightly faded, white print on it that he only used for lazy lounging time. Since it wasn’t really cold outside and the apartment was warm as well he had opted for a pair of short sweatpants and no socks so once his gaze trailed down the cuffs were pretty easy to spot.

Dare he say they looked good on him?

Because damn, did they look good on him.

He saw Namjoon stepping up behind him and felt him wrapping his arms around his waist, pulling him back against his chest and leaning his head against the younger’s. “I like that look on you, baby. This was a good idea.”

Could Yoongi just melt into a puddle of goo please. He felt his cheeks heating up slightly and leaned back just a bit more to get closer to him dom, loving his warmth and how there were still faint remains of cologne on his neck that wafted around him. “Thank you, sir,” he said with a small but happy smile.

Was it strange that it meant a lot to him that he could be the elder’s sub without dressing up? Because usually you see people dressed up prettily or sexily for play and maybe it all came off eventually but they had still dressed up whether that was putting on makeup, expensive lingerie outfits, sexy high heels and stockings or whatever made them look or feel good. Maybe they had been told to do that, maybe they did it to please, who knows and sometimes Yoongi made sure to look good as well but often it felt like maybe he was slacking off when seemingly everyone else paid this much attention to their appearance.

It didn’t help that most subs that showed up online were female and especially dolled up. He didn’t want to say there weren’t any male subs, of course not but obviously not as many who were comfortable with presenting themselves online, something Yoongi himself was occasionally wondering about but he pushed all those thoughts away again rather quickly. That wasn’t something he was ready thinking about.

He knew some people had rules for how they had to look but he and

Namjoon didn't have any of those. He wasn't required to do anything, there was no rule stating he had to shower before playing or that he had to shave or whatever and he was honestly glad about that. They played whenever Namjoon decided that it was playtime and more often than not it was spontaneous since they didn't have a 24/7 BDSM relationship. Playing simply felt more comfortable without a dozen of rules dictating how Yoongi had to look.

It wasn't that he was usually insecure about his looks but he did know what the worn out tee and sweats weren't the utmost flattering clothes but the older didn't mind and that meant a lot to him. He didn't have to dress up to be his sub, he didn't have to put up a front or pretend something. No, he could just be himself and relax while the lawyer would take care of everything else.

He really valued this sort of acceptance.

The remainder of the evening was rather uneventful because sometimes they were just dom and sub and that was enough. They didn't always play or do something straining. Sometimes it was just Namjoon sitting on the couch with Yoongi laying down and resting his head in his lap with a pillow, twirling the younger's hair while they watched a movie or a series on Netflix.

Yoongi barely noticed the cuffs except for the feeling of something wrapped around his ankles but was quickly reminded of the chain as he tried sliding off the couch as usual and almost fell off because he hadn't been able to place only one foot onto the ground like planned. No, both feet slipped off since they were chained together and he flailed for a moment, his knees hitting the ground but he managed to keep his upper body on the couch and not make an unwanted and rather ungraceful full body slam although he was sure it must have still looked very comical.

Namjoon escaped a snort and his sub pouted up at him, slowly rearranging his limbs and standing up, being mindful of the chain because while it seemed like he had a lot of movement he had to watch out since even his usual steps were too big for the chain and would cause him to fall if he didn't pay attention.

The older was still trying to keep his amused grin in check as he stood up and turned off the TV before going to the bathroom, Yoongi following him. The chain was dragging over the floor slightly but since it wasn't too heavy it didn't make too much noise but the noise it did make coupled with the little bells made Yoongi very, very happy

for some reason, brushing his teeth once he was handed his own toothbrush and then once again following the older into the bedroom.

The lawyer took it upon himself to undress his sub, taking off his shirt and then his shorts which was a bit difficult because he had to unhook the chain to take them off before he could attach it again. Yoongi was left in just his boxers which he didn't mind because he could snuggle into the blankets and Namjoon's chest which were both very warm and comfortable.

A few minutes later Namjoon turned off the lights and joined the younger in bed, kissing the back of his neck as he pulled him into his chest and wishing him a good night, getting a soft hum in return.

Yoongi had expected to wake up maybe once or twice during the night because of the chain but surprisingly his sleep wasn't interrupted at all and he woke up the next morning. He could immediately feel Namjoon chest against his back and smiled softly, closing his eyes and just resting for a while more until he felt awake enough to think about something other than feeling content. He thought about going out and buying something sweet for breakfast but quickly remembered that he was still wearing the ankle cuffs and he wasn't about to go out with those on so he came up with a different plan.

Carefully he moved the elder's arm that was slung over his waist, slowly inching away because he didn't want to wake up the other just yet. He liked preparing breakfast for him and he knew he'd get praised for it later.

His heart jumped up into his throat as Namjoon snorted loudly and went completely silent afterwards, Yoongi's body freezing and holding completely still as he waited, afraid the lawyer might haft woken up but Namjoon just grumbled something and went back to snoring lightly, something he always denied doing no matter how many times Yoongi told him he snored and it only got worse when he was stressed.

Sometimes it go so bad that he even woke up the younger who then had to slap his shoulder and tell him to turn around and stop. Namjoon would proceed to ask what the matter was and when Yoongi told him he was snoring he'd always either say '...that can't be, I didn't hear anything' or he'd go on a long rant about how sorry he was and explaining why he might have snored until Yoongi kicked him and told him to shut up and sleep. Of course he didn't remember

any of this anymore the next morning.

Once Yoongi had successfully gotten out of bed without waking Namjoon or falling down he slowly made his way to the kitchen, smiling softly as the bells chimed with each step. His knees were a bit sore from his unplanned fall from the couch yesterday evening but it was nothing he wasn't used to so he didn't mind it.

Still only clad in boxers he got started on breakfast, cutting up from fruits and putting them in a bowl before he took out bacon and eggs from the fridge. He looked at the package of toast for a moment, thinking deeply before he grabbed that as well. Yes, he was craving french toast, so what?

While he prepared everything he stumbled a few times because he always forgot the chain that kept his ankles together but he liked not being completely free while moving around.

After everything had been prepared and the table was set he took a last look at his work rather proudly before going to get Namjoon, just staring at the sleeping male for a while before he dared to shake his shoulder carefully. "Sir, breakfast is ready," he said softly, eyeing the elder's expression closely and pulling his hand back once his eyes actually opened and he yawned loudly. "Hm, baby?" he asked sleepily, rubbing his eyes and Yoongi smiled. "Breakfast is ready, sir," he repeated and the older hummed, waiting a few moments before he finally sat up and pushed the blankets away so he could swing his legs over the edge of the bed. His eyes went to Yoongi ankles that were obviously still cuffed together and felt strangely proud of his sub.

He ruffled through his hair before giving his behind a small pat. "Then we'll go have breakfast," he said, voice still raspy from sleep and Yoongi hurried to follow him back into the kitchen. They ate and talked a bit, the younger doing the dishes and tidying up once they were finished while Namjoon grabbed the newspaper and skimmed through it. He glanced up at his sub from time to time, admiring the cuffs around his ankles and the chain that kept them connected.

At first he had been slightly surprised about the request but the more he had thought about it the more sense it had made. Yoongi loved being physically restricted in some way. He loved being tied up because for one it made him feel good and relaxed during play and two he liked Namjoon being in complete control and wearing these cuffs meant that he was willing to give up some control even when they were not fooling around in the bedroom. Well, that and they just

looked really, really good on him.

Namjoon just felt slightly conflicted when he saw the younger struggling with his movements occasionally. On the one hand he obviously didn't want him to fall down and really hurt himself badly but on the other hand he wanted to see him stumble and fall, to struggle because he couldn't move freely and whine and be at the elder's mercy.

"Baby," he called and Yoongi looked up at him which made the lawyer smile. "Come here," he patted his thigh and the younger put away the towel he was holding before shuffling over to his dom and standing in front of him, looking down at him curiously. Namjoon trailed his hands down the student's sides, rubbed his thumps over his hipbones and squeezed his buttcheeks a few times which made Yoongi flush slightly but he didn't react otherwise and just let his dom do whatever he wanted to.

The lawyer's hands trailed further down and over his sub's thighs, massaging them and squeezing the soft flesh before one hand went to the back of Yoongi's left knee and suddenly pulled it forward onto the couch. The younger yelped because the chain forced his other foot off the ground as well and he completely lost his balance through that. Namjoon yanked him forward and he fell onto his dom clumsily, grabbing his shirt to prevent himself from slipping down. His heart had honestly stopped for a moment and his breathing was still slightly choked up, his eyes wide as his body started to relax again a moment later once he figured he wouldn't fall and the older kept him steady. He was straddling Namjoon, his ankles obviously still tied together and it was honestly a very awkward position but the older seemed to be more than pleased with himself. "You make cute noises, baby," he said with an amused grin, pushing the younger off his lap so he had to stand back up again. "Go and get some clothes. The shorts from yesterday, the red T-shirt with the print on the front and some new underwear."

Yoongi nodded his head and turned around to leave. Just as he took the first step Namjoon hooked the back of his foot between his feet and kept the chain back which caused Yoongi to stumble and fall down with a shocked squeak, his body hitting the carpeted floor and a whine falling from his lips because his poor knees had to take another beating. He managed to get up onto his hands and knees and turned his head to look at his dom with kicked puppy eyes but the older just shoved his butt with his foot, pushing him the slightest bit forward. "Go baby," he said with a grin and Yoongi got back onto his feet with

a pout and made his way to the bedroom, this time thankfully not falling down again.

This was the reaction the lawyer had been hoping for. The carpet had buffered the fall and there had been no obstacles in the way which could have hurt his sub. His knees had taken most of the fall so they would surely bruise some more but that was fine. Yoongi getting back up again immediately and not saying anything against falling meant he hadn't hurt himself and was fine with it.

The sub got the requested items but was a bit unsure about the shirt. There were two red T-shirts with a print on the front and he didn't know which one the older wanted so he settled for the one he usually wore and made his way back to the living room. "Did you mean this one, sir," he asked carefully and Namjoon looked up, taking in the shirt and shaking his head. "No, baby, the other one with the white letters. Sorry, I forgot you had two."

Yoongi smiled and shook his head. "It's fine." He went to get the other shirt and this time Namjoon approved. Some would probably think he would get punished for these things as well but when it wasn't his fault but a misunderstanding he was never punished. Namjoon wasn't afraid of admitting that he had done something wrong even when it was something small like just now. He hadn't been specific enough about the shirt so his sub had gotten the wrong one, there was no need to punish because the younger had done what he had asked for just not exactly like he had imagined but that was his fault, not his sub's.

He accompanied Yoongi to the bathroom and took it upon himself to help him wash, brush his teeth and get dressed, kissing his forehead once he was finished and sending him to get the elder's clothes as well.

After they were both dressed Namjoon made Yoongi tidy up the apartment a bit, sending him back and forth, making him sweep the floor and do some other smaller things. It were pretty normal tasks for the sub and he liked doing them most of the time. Sometimes Namjoon used specific ones such as folding socks or cleaning the entire bathroom as a sort of punishment because he knew Yoongi liked these the least.

They made lunch together later or rather Yoongi prepared everything while Namjoon read the instructions because they were trying out something new. It turned out to be pretty good so they made sure to

remember the recipe for the future.

Yoongi did some of his homework after eating while Namjoon took care of some of his own stuff. It was a all in all pretty laid back and relaxed day.

Towards the evening Yoongi got more and more clingy, staying close to his dom and curling up against them as they watched a movie. It made Namjoon wonder if it was partly the result of wearing those cuffs which would make sense for Yoongi since he always got clingy after bondage, especially when they were doing some cuddle bondage. He wasn't sure what exactly it was, maybe it was the feeling of being at someone's mercy, of depending on someone. His sub probably would be able to explain it properly because he himself sometimes didn't fully understand what was going on. He simply followed his instincts and did what felt right which was cuddling and seeking affection in this case, something Namjoon was more than willing to give.

He had originally planned to take off the ankle cuffs this evening but because Yoongi was so at peace and was quite literally radiating calmness he decided to wait until the morning so he would have trouble falling asleep. It happened sometimes that he experienced a bit of a subdrop when they hadn't done anything intense and Namjoon pulled him out of his sub role right before bed. He'd lie awake for hours and his mind wouldn't stop working as if to make up for the 'lost time' while he was the elder's sub.

Namjoon didn't want to make him feel that way so he settled for one more night of cuffs. They were pretty to look at and they weren't bothering anyone so why not?

That was what had been planned but what ended up happening was him being buried balls deep inside of his sub's ass the next morning, the later moaning and sobbing as he fucked him into the mattress.

"You look so good with you feet tied together baby," he murmured, his hips snapping forwards and drawing a choked moan from the younger. "So pretty just for me."

Yoongi whined, body shaking and his hands twitching as the curled more into the sheets.

"Such a good sub you are, baby, always wanting to please me."

The student gasped and nodded his head, arching his back to get even closer.

“You’d do everything for me, wouldn’t you, like a good little sub.”

“Nnngh yes, yes, yes, I’d-AAHgg everything, everything… good- g-good for s-sir-nnnghh.” This was what ended up happening when Yoongi was too fucked out to give proper replies which made Namjoon feel incredibly proud because it meant he had done a good job at wrecking his sub.

Once Namjoon felt like he was close he pulled out much to his sub’s dismay but he didn’t have time to whine and beg because he was manhandled into a new position and turned around. Namjoon had scooted back slightly so he was sitting against the pillows and dragged Yoongi up over his lap, the younger unable to do much because his tied ankles prevented him from getting and real leverage. Before he was able to comprehend what was happening his dom had shoved his hard length back into his slicked heat again, bucking his hips upwards and making sure Yoongi stayed upright by holding his hips in an almost bruising grip.

Yoongi’s head lolled back and moan fell free from his opened mouth, trying his best to move as well but it was difficult without anything to hold on to. HIs hands were scrambling for anything to grasp on to, finding the elder’s wrists and latching onto them.

“S-sir, may-AAhah… m-may I c-cum please, please?” he whined, hips desperately trying to move with Namjoon’s thrusts.

“Once I cum, baby, hold on,” the elder growled, planting his feet onto the mattress properly and holding up his sub by his hips slightly so he could slam into him with all his strength, drawing a choked scream from his throat.

It only took a few more thrusts before he groaned deeply and pulled the younger down flush against his hips, pumping his seed into him. He reached for the students neglected length blindly and stroked it up and down, whispering encouraging words until Yoongi finally came with a small cry, shaking in his lap and circling his hips softly throughout his orgasm which made Namjoon groan and throw back his head.

“T-thank you, sir,” Yoongi croaked, sounding thoroughly wrecked and downright exhausted.

They stayed like this for a few minutes before Namjoon moved and carefully pulled out of the younger whose body shuddered and twitched in return, some cum slowly trickling down the inside of his thigh.

Yoongi was still panting and flushed all over, blissed out expression gracing his face and Namjoon leaned up to kiss the corner of his mouth. “Good job, baby,” he whispered softly, moving the student slightly so he could take off the ankle cuffs. Weak whimpers left Yoongi’s lips as the feeling of the cuffs disappeared from around his ankles, feeling too weak to freak out properly and Namjoon could tell it was difficult for him to stay calm.

“Sshh, it’s okay, baby,” he reassured, stroking the younger’s sides. “It’s okay, let sir take care of you, baby. Just let go, it’s all fine, you’re doing good.”

He continued to almost chant these and similar words into his sub’s ears while they showered, Yoongi clinging to him constantly and always on the verge of freaking out, his breaths sped up and slightly irregular which is why Namjoon tried his best to calm him. He had figured removing the cuffs after so long would be a challenge but leaving them on for even longer wouldn’t have been good. Like this Yoongi still had more than enough time to calm down and find back to reality.

Namjoon knew he would probably put the cuffs and collar back on if he could so he kept him away from them, dressing him in some fresh and comfy clothes though he still hadn’t calmed down by much so he took his face into his hands carefully, making sure the younger was looking at him. “Baby, tell me what you need,” he said calmly, Yoongi’s wide and almost frantic while he tried to breathe somewhat regularly. “S-s-snn…” he trailed off, unable to get the words out which wasn’t unusual.

“It’s okay, baby, I’ve got you. Tell me what you need,” the older said softly, stroking the student’s cheeks and keeping him close. “S-s-so… s-s…”

“You’re doing good, it’s fine,” Namjoon whispered, encouraging his sub to try again.

“S-so-ocks,” Yoongi barely managed to breathe out but it was enough for the lawyer. He sat his sub down in the armchair and quickly went to grab a pair of fluffy socks. He put them on his sub’s feet, pulling

them up so fit properly and covered his ankles where the cuffs had been before.

It seemed to be a big deal already because Yoongi released a relief breath, breathing considerably easier now. He curled a hand into the front of his shirt, ducking his head and trying to calm down even further.

Namjoon picked up a blanket and wrapped it around the younger's shoulders before he sat back down on the floor, slowly massaging his sub's ankles but never wrapping his hand fully around them. It remained silent between the two for minutes while Yoongi calmed down and Namjoon made sure he didn't slip off into any unwanted places.

Once he could be sure Yoongi was somewhat stable he slowly placed his feet back onto the ground and stood up, cupping his cheeks again and kissing each one softly. "You did such a good job, baby, I'm so proud of you," he said and the younger made a small sound, relief and happiness rushing through his body. He tugged the blanket closer and leaned forward until his forehead bumped into his dom's chest, closing his eyes and breathing in his scent.

"Such a good job," Namjoon cooed, his hand stroking through the student's hair. He let the younger nuzzle into his chest for a while more before he thanked him for his services and kissed his cheek again.

It took Yoongi roughly five more minutes before he leaned back and looked up at Namjoon with a sweet smile.

"Feeling good?" the lawyer asked and the younger nodded his head, hugging his boyfriend with his blanket. "Thank you," he said softly and Namjoon smiled.

"My pleasure," he said, hugging his little, affectionate burrito back. "And I think I might need to get some chocolate into you."

"Oh no," Yoongi giggled and the elder's heart almost exploded because of the sound. "How awful. We must hurry before I might do it myself."

Namjoon gasped. "Now that would be unacceptable." He swiped Yoongi off his feet, the younger continuing to giggle in his arms. "Let's hurry," Namjoon said and quickly dashed towards the kitchen where he seated his boyfriend on the counter before feeding him some

chocolate.

Well, they might have shared some chocolate kisses but no one had any proof of that.

End Notes

Let's be honest, Yoongi in ankle cuffs in a damn good concept

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